

# Let Me be Your Ex Chapter 625– 626

## Chapter 625

Before Rania got into the car, he caught a glimpse of the black car parked on the corner of the street.

The assistant opened the car door, followed her gaze and glanced backwards. He also understood it, coughed a little awkwardly, and explained, “Zong Shan said that he prepared gifts for his wife and the master, and he asked me to pick it up from his company...”

“Okay, I know.”

She narrowed her eyes, stepped into the car, and asked the driver to drive.

The engine started slowly, and the assistant observed her face several times, and finally took out the phone from her bag, opened the photo album and handed it over, “Miss, I found this in Yan Hao’s car today.”

Hearing this, Rania glanced down and saw that it was a personal business card that was not clearly photographed, and the owner of the business card could barely be identified.

Chief physician of the Affiliated Hospital of Kyoto Medical University, Huang Maozhu.

She quickly retracted her gaze, looked straight ahead, and brushed the folds of her clothes with an indifferent expression.

“Miss...” The little assistant frowned and put the phone back in his bag. “I think there is no such coincidence. Most of all, Yan Hao is checking the identity of the child for President Shan. Do you have any plans?”

Rania, who had been contemplating, suddenly curled his lips and smiled, “I will arrange for someone to handle this matter myself, so you don’t have to worry about it.”

She didn’t expect that Shanrao would really care where the blood of the other half of the two children came from.

On the one hand, it has nothing to do with him, on the other hand, no matter what angle she is from, she always dislikes nosy people.

Seeing her emotional abnormality, the assistant sitting next to him raised his eyebrows and observed it for a long time, and then gulped carefully, and asked, “Do you need me to make idioms and see if they found anything?”

“No need.” Rania’s expression was condensed, and when he raised his hand, he glanced back at her, “I know you have a good relationship with Shanrao’s assistant, but work belongs to work and life belongs to life. Don’t confuse it.”

After a pause, the woman’s cold eyes swept across the other person, then she took out her mobile phone from her bag and made a call.

At this time, Mu Ming was attending a joint video conference with Yan Mo’s team in Shanghai with Yan and his supervisors. As soon as the meeting started, the mobile phone placed on the table vibrated. He frowned and glanced at the caller ID note, then lifted it. Hand gestured, and left the meeting room.

“I have time to go back to Kyoto, I have one more thing for you to do.” As soon as the call was connected, the woman directly expressed her mind.

“Okay, can it be done on weekends?” The always calm man agreed first without asking the reason, and then added, “If it doesn’t work, it will be tomorrow.”

“It’s okay on the weekend.” Rania curled her lips slightly, showing relief, “It will be based on your current job.”

After the explanation, he hung up without saying anything.

When Mu Ming retracted the phone into his internal pocket, and turned around to go to the meeting room, the position of the pocket shook again.

He stared inwardly, thinking that Rania had forgotten something else to explain, but when he took out the phone again, his eyes trembled.

This number is familiar and unfamiliar to him.

He thought that he would lie on Miriam’s blacklist for the rest of his life, and he was caught off guard to receive a call from her, and an inexplicable tension and throbbing rose from the bottom of his heart.

Before pressing to answer, he cleared his throat deliberately and pretended to inadvertently “hi”.

“It’s me.” The voice of the woman over there was cold and exhausted. She seemed to be afraid that the other party would not recognize her, and she immediately added: “Miriam.”

“I know.” Mu Ming’s voice became astringent, and he paced forward involuntarily, walked slowly to the window, and asked, “What’s the matter?”

“I can’t tell on the phone.” At this moment, Miriam was also standing on the balcony of the bedroom, playing with an old black USB flash drive, her eyes gradually darkened and darkened, “If you have time, see you tomorrow at noon. one side.”

The gentle wind blew on her face at night, and the woman simply announced the agreed time and place, and hung up the phone.

At this time, my mother's urging voice came from outside the bedroom door, "Miriam, are you there? I'm down to have soup..."

She stuffed the USB flash drive into her pocket, turned to the door, "coming."

On the other side, without waiting for Mu Ming to think about the meaning of Miriam's call, the assistant behind him hurried over and said, "Mr. Mu, you will be speaking later."

He quickly reduced the emotion on his face, handed the phone to the other party's hand, and walked quickly toward the entrance of the conference room.

At noon the next day, he gave up his supposed job and went to the teahouse agreed in advance to wait.

The weather was very good on this day, neither hot nor cold, with a lot of pedestrians coming and going from the streets. While pretending to be drinking tea in comfort, the man looks out the window from time to time, his eyes always glowing with expectation.

Two pots of tea continued, waiting from morning to noon, but Miriam appeared not too soon, just at the agreed point.

She dresses casually, a loose long plaid skirt, although loose, it can't hide her high belly.

Walking slowly to the tea table, the man at this time had already reduced the look of expectation on his face, got up very peacefully, and opened the chair for her.

Miriam lowered her eyes, staring at the cushions and pillows on the chair, and then smiled, "Are you here early?"

"No, no." Mu Ming subconsciously denied, avoiding the other's sight and sitting down again, "I haven't just been here for a while."

After the two sat opposite each other, the atmosphere began to become a little subtle.

Miriam chose this teahouse specially, not without meaning.

At the beginning, Mu Ming was successfully exonerated with the help of Rania. Before leaving City Two, he and Miriam met once, and it was here.

Compared with the present, the inner emotions at that time were complicated and a little dumb.

After the two were silent for a while, it was Mu Ming who took the lead to pour a cup of tea and push it in front of her, "I heard from the clerk here that pregnant women are more suitable for fruit tea and vitamin supplements."

Miriam was slightly surprised, then pursed her lips and smiled, and reached out her hand to take it, "Thank you."

After taking a sip, he put it down, seeing the opposite man seemed lost, staring straight at her.

"What's wrong, there is a problem?" She reached out and touched her face, thinking something was wrong.

Mu Ming, who reacted to the reaction, buried his head and smiled, holding the tea cup in both hands, and his smile revealed a bit of unnoticeable bitterness, "No, I was just an accident. You will take the initiative to ask me out, and see you now..."

As he said, he suddenly raised his head and glanced at her, his eyes fell on her stomach without knowing it, "Is it about to give birth?"

"Almost." Miriam put down the tea cup and put her hands on her belly. "There are still two months left."

After understanding the meaning of his words, he became a little serious, "I haven't had a chance to thank you for the matter before. No matter what, you can be regarded as the savior of our mother and son."

Miriam thinks that she has always been clear about what is right and wrong, but in reality, it is not just because Mu Ming once saved her and her child that she can appear completely unscrupulous.

Looking down and thinking for a moment, she still narrowed her gaze and said frankly: "More importantly, your current status is different. You are the president of Fengrui, and the Song family has friendship with the Shao family, and your Fengrui and Longteng have a relationship. Cooperation, the price you need to pay for doing a wrong thing now is hundreds of times more than two years ago. I believe that the Mu Ming I know is not that stupid."

She analyzed this point thoroughly.

The man let out a laugh, unable to argue.

## **Chapter 626**

"So you came to me, just want to tell me the truth?" Mu Ming nodded slightly in agreement, and asked softly on the woman, half jokingly.

"No." In comparison, Miriam's expression was much more serious. As she said, she took out the black USB flash drive from her bag and pushed it to the man, "I want to tell you that for so many years, You hate the wrong person."

Staring at the old USB flash drive that had been stripped and mottled, the man's eyes suddenly gathered fire, he subconsciously picked it up and held it in his hand, and asked, "What is this?"

The expression on Miriam's face eased a bit. Hearing that he only took a sip of tea without rushing, he responded: "The original house is no longer live, so I want to pack things out first. I was in my dad two days ago. I found this USB flash drive in his room, which contains things that interest you."

After a pause, seeing that the other person's face became ugly, she added: "At that time, his old man was already sick. I'm afraid I never remembered the USB flash drive. If you tell us earlier Clearly, maybe the truth will not be known until now."

the truth...

The so-called truth hit a heavy hammer in Mu Ming's heart.

The man's arduous throat rolled up and down, and he managed to squeeze out a smile for a while, "Thank you."

"You're not curious, what's inside?" Miriam stroking her belly gave a sudden pause, looking up at him.

He cleared his throat and stood up, "I think I probably have a guess."

After speaking, he pushed the chair under him a few minutes, and raised his foot to the place where the bar was charged.

Miriam quickly followed behind, and took out her wallet from her bag as she walked.

After standing still, the cashier quickly settled the account, "Three pots of tea, one plate of dried fruits, a total of 680."

"Three pots of tea?"

Miriam handed out the card in her hand and was pushed back by the man again. During the process, the two of them looked at each other, somewhat embarrassed.

The questioned cashier still didn't know it, and explained with a smile: "There are two pots that this gentleman continued, and we still have order data here..."

"Okay." The man who couldn't listen quickly reached out and interrupted, handing out his card, "No need to explain, swipe the card."

When going out, the famous Mu's general Miriam got into the car, and the woman couldn't help frowning and tearing him down along the way, "You've already been here?"

“Yeah.” The man put his hands in the pockets of his trousers and walked with his head buried in his trousers.

That night, Mu Ming returned to the hotel and looked up all the information on the USB flash drive in the darkness, his eyes gradually became empty.

After closing the computer, I lit a cigarette and walked slowly to the window sill. The curtains were opened with a loud sound, and the neon lights of the whole city came into view.

In a moment, most of the cigarette was smoked, and the phone on the coffee table behind him rang again. He half-squinted his eyes, handed the cigarette to his lips, and took a big mouthful.

Then he strode past in the smoke, picked up the phone to see the content of the caller ID, suddenly curled his lips and chuckled, pressed to answer, “Mr. Yan.”

“Mr. Mu, I’ll be back the day after tomorrow. If it’s convenient, come to me for a casual meal, and the old man wants to see you.” At the end of the call, the man’s voice was polite and deserted.

“Yes, no problem.” The smile in Mu Ming’s eyes gradually deepened, but the knuckles of the mobile phone gradually tightened until it turned weakly pale.

After a short pause, don’t add any profound words, “I also really want to meet his old man.”

After hanging up the phone, the smoke between his fingers burned out, and the remaining residual temperature burned the knuckles red, but he just frowned slightly, bent down and threw the cigarette butt into the ashtray.

“Mr. Yan...” When he straightened his waist again, his eyes suddenly became dark and dark. He gently curled his lips, appearing stern and fierce, “It’s time to meet.”

Then, suddenly thinking of something, he picked up the phone again and sent a message to Miriam.

The content of the message is nothing more than an apology and thanks. For so many years of stubbornness in the heart, it is so ridiculous to be proved by a USB flash drive so easily. He doesn’t know whether he should ask the other party for understanding.

Just as he was thinking about it in such a mess, the phone suddenly “ding”, his figure trembled, and he hesitated to unlock the screen.

The SMS interface only responded with two simple words.

“It’s okay.”

It's hard to figure out the meaning of this okay, but he seemed to understand it, and the corners of his lips were slightly raised.

Two days later, the man paid a visit to Yan's house with a gift.

The old man of the Yan family was in poor health, but he still waited in the living room early to save face.

Hearing the movement, Yan Mo got up and greeted people from the courtyard gate. When he walked to the front door of the villa, the trembling old man also walked over.

"This is Mr. Mu, the president of Fengrui." The man introduced with a smile, and then reached out to the old man beside him, "This is my father."

"Mr. Yan, look up for a long time." Mu Ming stretched out his hand, smiling softly, hiding the emotions in his heart very well.

The old man leaned on the cane in both hands, raised his eyes and observed the man for a long time until the hand he stretched out slowly became stiff, before he smiled and pretended to have just reacted, and shook his hand briefly, "Mr. Mu, please be kind. ."

After entering the house, a group of three people raised their feet from the living room to the dining room, each with a deep smile on their faces.

Supported by the housekeeper, the old man walked staggeringly beside Mu Ming, and at the same time he asked, "Mu's last name is rare. I don't know which 'Mu' it is?"

When Mu Ming heard this, his face was slightly stiff, but he didn't mean to hide it, "Like Mu Chunfeng's 'Mu', this surname is really rare. Apart from me and my mother, I really haven't met anyone with the same surname."

"Oh?" The old man raised his eyebrows with interest, as if thinking about it for a moment and then slowly said: "A real estate developer I worked with years ago also has the surname Mu, don't you know if you know him?"

"Really?" The man seemed to be really surprised. He glanced sideways at the old man, his smile softened a bit, "I don't know who you are talking about?"

The old man listened, his footsteps suddenly stopped, but he still yelled and looked at him with a serious smile, and after a long while he slowly uttered a word: "She's called... Mushan."

When he said this, he was obviously observing the expression on the man's face, it seemed that there was a silent confrontation between the two silently stalemated.

Mu Ming's face never showed a half-explorable look, and the smile was as flat and soft as ever.

Seeing this, the old man laughed heartily, then raised his foot and continued to walk forward, guessing as he walked, "It looks like he doesn't recognize him anymore."

Mu Ming narrowed his eyes and followed the pace of the old man. When he was about to respond, he was interrupted by a crash from the restaurant direction.

As soon as the old man frowned, he saw a girl who looked like a young girl hurriedly ran out, saw that her master was already standing at the door, and her eyes were red and admitted her mistake, "Sorry, master, I didn't mean it, I'll go pack."

"Useless things."

The old man snorted coldly, and as soon as the cane he was holding was about to be lifted, Yan Mo next to him took the lead in stealing the conversation, "Go and clean up, move faster."

The little girl who got the order nodded repeatedly and ran all the way to the kitchen.

Mu Ming remained silent, but he was slightly relieved because of the small accident just now.